

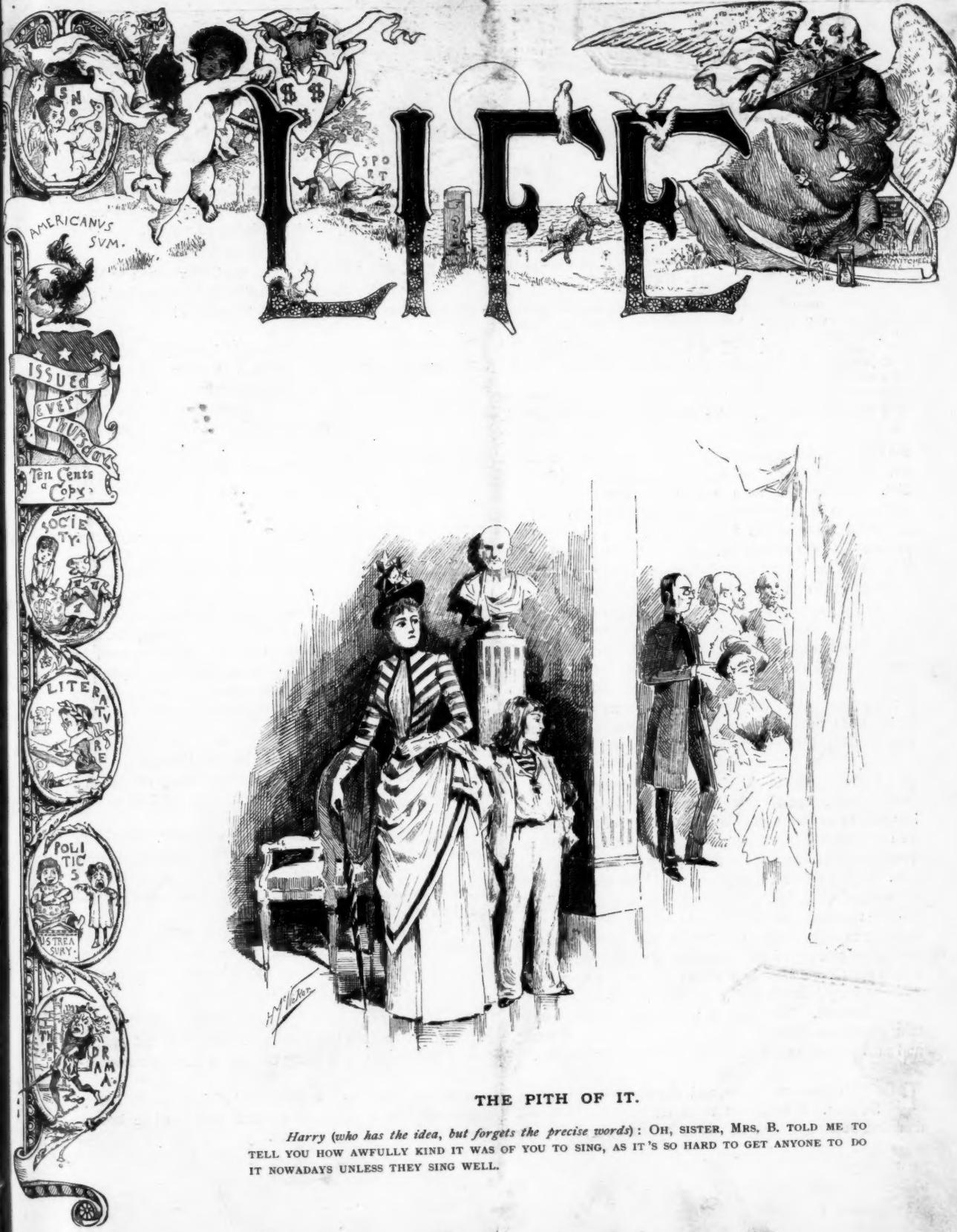
VOLUME VIII.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1886.

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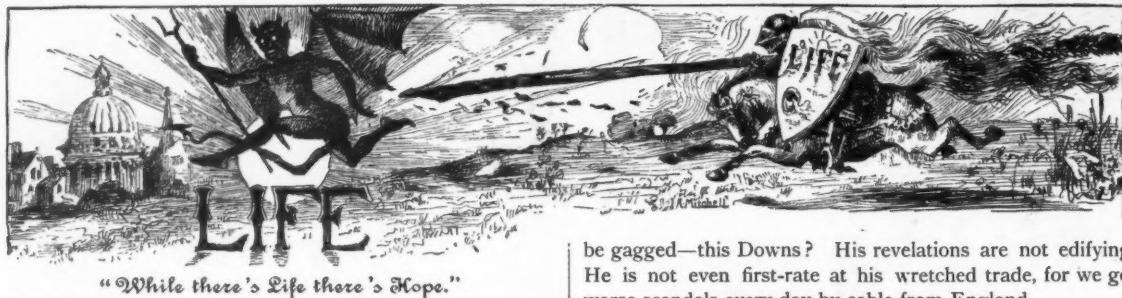
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NUMBER 189.



## THE PITH OF IT.

*Harry (who has the idea, but forgets the precise words): OH, SISTER, MRS. B. TOLD ME TO TELL YOU HOW AWFULLY KIND IT WAS OF YOU TO SING, AS IT'S SO HARD TO GET ANYONE TO DO IT NOWADAYS UNLESS THEY SING WELL.*



VOL. VIII. AUGUST 12, 1886. NO. 189.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

**W**HEN Rollin M. Squire wrote the poetry about General Grant and imposed it upon the front breadth of the City Hall, the community recognized that he would not do. Even the prestige of Boston has not been able to save him. He has gone from bad to worse, and now that he turns out to be Boss Flynn's man, a weakling, and by direct deduction a rascal, the public only sighs a long "I told you so." Squire is done for, and it will be a marvel indeed if in his fall he has not carried down a greater than himself.

Poor New York. Big clay-footed New York.

You may nab, you may hustle her boss if you choose,  
But another, and greater one steps in his shoes.

Small and graceful are the feet that Mr. Maurice B. Flynn has insinuated into Tweed's brogans, but only a rash person will claim to have heard them rattle. Stone walls do not a prison make, nor are vulgar manners essential to a boss. But iron bars do make a prison sometimes, and let us hope that Mr. Flynn bears that in mind.

\* \* \*

**O**F course we can thrash Mexico if we want to, and of course Texas wants to, but there is little glory and less gain to be had from doing it. It is one of the objectionable attributes of being a great nation that a very small man can get us into a broil if the other party is silly enough to let him. Editor Cutting, it appears, would be none the worse for a bit of discipline. He seems to be not materially less abusive than some of his brothers of the metropolitan press. It ought to make for the peace of his community to have his boisterous pen dry of ink for a time, just as it would make life in New York sweeter if one or two of the operators of contemporary journals here were subjected to a term of enforced idleness. But there is a sarcasm of circumstance that sometimes changes natural right into artificial wrong, and such a combination seems to be working for Cutting.

\* \* \*

**B**OSTON gave us Squire, and she has tried to give us Sullivan. If we do not watch her very closely she will doubtless seek to burden us with Parson Downs. Can't he

be gagged—this Downs? His revelations are not edifying. He is not even first-rate at his wretched trade, for we get worse scandals every day by cable from England.

\* \* \*

**M**R. GARLAND has gone on a long vacation to Hominy Hill. If he should fail to find his way back, poor man, what an excellent thing that would be!

\* \* \*

**I**F the rival cable companies could have their say, France would not be long without a Dictator. Between the rise of General Boulanger and the decline of M. de Lesseps and the Panama Canal shares, the companies have hardly had a chance to mourn the subsidence of the English elections or the close of the Dilke trial. The report that Mr. Bennett is arranging for a general European war, for the benefit of the Tory party and the New York *Herald*, is widely credited.

\* \* \*

**O**UR neighbor, the *Tribune*, remarks that, whereas, before the ports of Japan were opened to the Christian nations of the world there were only eleven intoxicating drinks known in the country; now there are more than two hundred, which is, of course, deplorable as indicating that temperance in Japan is enjoying a period of quiescence. And yet it should be noted that an ambitious man, by adroitly combining eleven intoxicants, could bring himself to a state where 189 additional beverages would not perceptibly affect him. In the matter of intoxicants, enough is as good as a feast.

\* \* \*

**I**N the death of Samuel J. Tilden the Democratic Party loses its wisest counsellor and the country mourns one who, more truly than any other of its citizens, deserved the title of Statesman.

It is significant of the estimation in which Mr. Tilden was held that the most partisan of newspapers speak of him only as a public-spirited, patriotic man; and that *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* holds sway where it was hardly expected it would be observed.

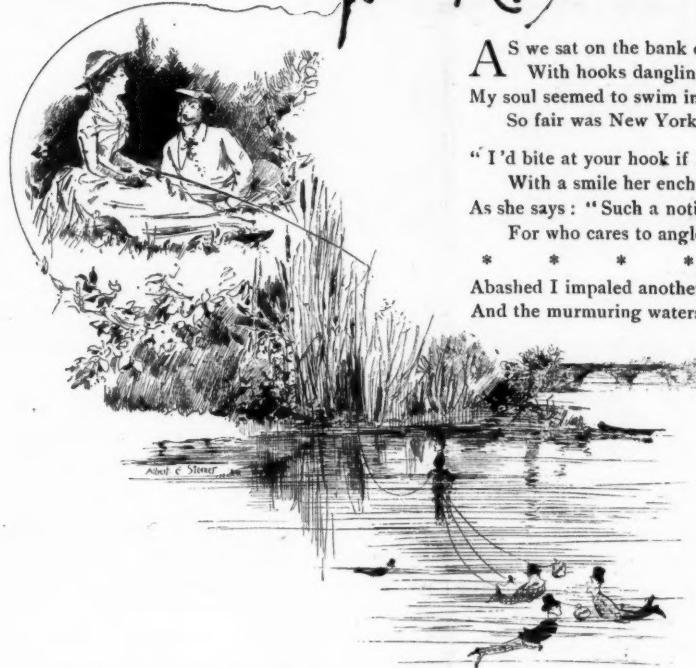
It is hard that, with so many men in public life whose taking away would be a distinct gain to their country, one so wise in a day when wisdom is not epidemic, should have to lay down his staff and betake himself through the valley of the shadow of death.

\* \* \*

**T**HE fact that the late Hubert O. Thompson died without making a will is likely to lead to serious complications.

There will have to be a great deal of litigation to decide the ownership of Collector Hedden and the late bosses shares in Rollin M. Squire stock.

## her Reply.



**A**S we sat on the bank of a beautiful stream,  
With hooks dangling down in the water,  
My soul seemed to swim in a heavenly dream,  
So fair was New York's lovely daughter.

"I'd bite at your hook if I were a fish."  
With a smile her enchanting mouth puckers,  
As she says: "Such a notion is far from my wish,  
For who cares to angle for suckers?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Abashed I impaled another worm,  
And the murmuring waters continued to murmur.

## FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

## THE HAUGHTY HICKORY NUT.

**A**HICKORY NUT was once floating down a stream with some apples, when it suddenly exclaimed, with arrogant enthusiasm: "How we apples do swim!" Scarcely were the words uttered, when a passer-by seized the Hickory Nut, carried it home, and ground it to atoms in a cider mill.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that false pretence is often its own reward; and that a liar may experience discomfiture from the very brilliancy of his own lying.

## THE ASS ON THE ROOF.

**A**N Ass one day climbed upon the roof of a house, and after playing about for a while, fell through into the room below. "The roof of a house is no proper playground for an ass," remarked the owner of the house to the uncemonious intruder. "There's where you make a mistake," responded the Ass; "for nothing but an Ass would play on such a place."

MORAL: This Fable teaches that an event or circumstance, seemingly out of harmony with its environment, may bear some obscure correlation with the eternal fitness of things.

**S**OME of the "green peas" we test at this season are said to be natural product.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

**B**OULANGER'S alleged *coup d'état* turns out to be simply a boil on the neck.

THE Bavarians are thought to be dissatisfied with the Regent Luitpold because he is not an idiot.

TWO French noblemen recently fought a duel in the suburbs of Paris. The weapons used were syringes charged with Apollinaris water.

Each received the fire of his adversary in his shirt bosom, and an effusive reconciliation followed.

IT is suspected that the French Government wants to change the course of the Rhine with a big ditch and make it run through French territory. This scheme would take the wind out of some splendid German poetry.

THE crank who wanted to marry Queen Victoria has changed his mind after seeing her photograph.

THE Czar will give each Siberian exile an extra slug of tallow on his next birthday.

IT is estimated that the Vatican contains enough remnants of the true Cross to construct an exposition building.

IT is stated that relic-hunters have carried away the largest part of Mount Blanc during the last few years.



## ODE TO THE VAGRANT SETTER.

NOW we hear the mournful wailing  
Of the dog,  
As the catcher him is halting  
To the Morgue,  
Whence returneth ne'er a purplet,  
For his pretty little chirplet  
Undergoes a slight extirplet  
Every AUG.  
\* \* \*

BETWEEN our thermometers and colleges the degree  
crop is drawing ahead of the peach ditto.  
\* \* \*

MISS FLORENCE MARRYATT has been lecturing  
to women on how men should be treated. "Sit on  
them," says she.  
We fear this is a *lapsus linguae*.  
\* \* \*

THE Emperor William is n't dead again.  
This Imperial hoax is getting tiresome.  
\* \* \*

THE sad news has reached us that the Infant King of  
Spain has taken to the bottle.  
\* \* \*

"PLON-PLON" and his son, Victor, are said to be  
hopelessly at odds, but it need cause no surprise  
that such is the case.  
They are odd fellows by nature.  
\* \* \*

DR. BARTOL says he would not abolish Hell if he  
could.

The reverend gentleman has evidently not had the experience  
that a summer in New Jersey would bring him.  
\* \* \*

IT is natural enough that Brodie, the bootblack, who  
jumped from the Brooklyn bridge, should be proud of  
his shining feat.  
\* \* \*

THE small boy learning the alphabet is very much like  
the postage stamp—he often gets stuck on a letter.—  
*Exchange*.

That's true. And then, too, he is not infrequently licked  
on the other side.  
\* \* \*

A N exchange notes that a majority of people at summer  
resorts appear to be prejudiced against going to  
church on Sunday.

This is especially noticeable at Long Branch, where they  
all go on Saturday.

THE anti-silver men are growling because the silver dollar is only worth seventy-one cents.

This is characteristic of the bloated bond-holders in this land. As soon as the dollar gets cheap enough to be within reach of the poor they set up a wail that can be heard from Dan to Dana.

\* \* \*

A SARATOGA barber has made quite a reputation as a performer on the harmonica.

There is nothing extraordinary about this. Barbers have unusual facilities for practicing the mouth organ.

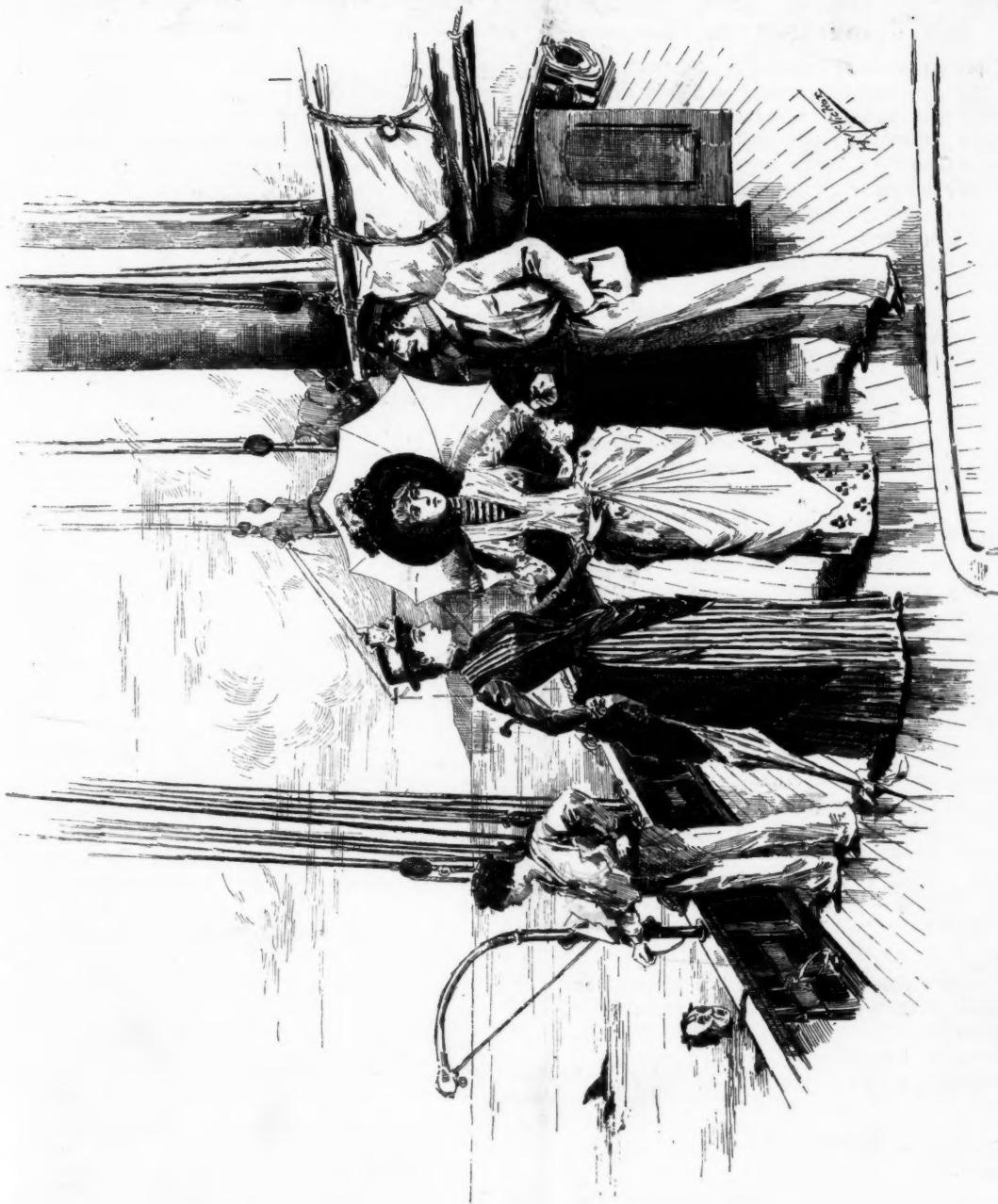
\* \* \*

## A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE "CENTURY."

THE *Century* is to be congratulated upon having at last discovered a substitute for the war papers. Not that the war papers are uninteresting, but that the soft murmur of Stocktonian gossip is less monotonous than the continued booming of the big guns which have been playing havoc with the *Century's* pages for the past seven or eight decades. We have admired the warlike tone of the magazine greatly, and we cannot but feel that, in showing us how much mightier our heroes are with the pen than with the sword, our esteemed contemporary has done us a great service. At the same time the articles have had a tendency to water the stock of heroic deeds to a deplorable degree. Countless generals, who have spent the last twenty years patting themselves on the back for what they and the world have considered unparalleled achievements, now find themselves left hopelessly in the rear by whole regiments of high privates who have facility with the pen, strong powers of narration, india-rubber consciences and influence with the old pensioner who edits the war department of the magazine. It has been shown conclusively that each side in the recent contest gained seven victories to each battle fought, and very plausible excuses have been advanced that the ratio should be so small. One gentleman, we understand, who had sent a substitute to the front, found his article so interesting and fatally realistic that he died of the wound he had received on the twelve thousandth page of his manuscript. Now, we contend that while all this makes fairly good reading and superb padding, it is, nevertheless, demoralizing, and anything that may be substituted for it is for the good of the magazine. We therefore hail the advent of the Stockton papers with joy.

With Mr. Stockton telling us about how he came to write "Rudder Grange;" the publisher putting in his little reminiscences as to why, when and where he published it; with the courteous Editor of the *Century* reconciling all clashing statements in diplomatic foot-notes—the next thirty volumes of our esteemed contemporary cannot fail to be entertaining.

J. K. Bangs.



A SHARKING SITUATION.

*Boy (to owner of yacht who has just sighted a shark's fin within fifty feet): BEG PARDON, MR. SMITH, BUT CAPTAIN THINKS YOU HAD BETTER NOT GET ABOARD, AS SOME LADIES HAVE JUST COME OFF SHORE.*



## "KIDNAPPED."

THAT precious circle of appreciative readers who know skilful literary work independently of popular applause several years ago began to recognize the delightful quality of Robert Louis Stevenson's stories and verses. But when "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was published he caught the ear of the multitude, and now he has a wide circle of readers, the majority of whom entirely miss what is finest in his work.

Blessed is the writer who can please both factions; for the first fills his heart with that sympathetic praise which is dear to every sensitive nature; the second fills his coffers with the gold which makes a man independent of either praise or censure.

\* \* \*

IN "Kidnapped" (Scribner's) the multitude who read for simple amusement will find it in rich, healthful abundance. Here is a story without a particle of love or sentiment in it, but it warms the heart, stirs the pulses, and invigorates even a wearied reader. It is a tale of adventure as realistic as a book of exploration, and one is inclined to think more accurate and natural than most of them. Its hero is certainly more unconscious of his heroism.

And then, to get back again to those days of Scotch romance, when Campbells and Stewarts were at swords' points, and physical prowess was the greater part of nobility! Why, it is as energizing as a boat race.

\* \* \*

NO small part of the story's realism is due to the fine appreciation and careful portraiture of all those phases of physical exhaustion and suffering to which even heroes are liable when accomplishing great deeds or daring tasks. The real heroism of endurance, when there is no one near to applaud or admire, has seldom been fully appreciated by writers. When the heart is elated and the ambition stirred, even great actions are made easy.

\* \* \*

THE literary workmanship of this tale is thorough and finished. Honest strength of phrase; clear, definite expression and aggressive force carry the narrative forward at a winning pace. There is exhilaration in such downright Scotch frankness of word and deed.

*Droch.*

## • NEW BOOKS •

*KIDNAPPED.* Memoirs and Adventures of David Balfour. Set forth by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

*Oblivion.* By M. G. McClelland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.  
*Miss Melinda's Opportunity.* By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Bros.

*Santa Barbara and Around There.* By Edwards Roberts. Boston: Roberts Bros.

## A MAN OF PROMISE.

WHEN Jack protests he'll keep his word  
He says so very much about it,  
From his own warmth may be inferred  
That there's prodigious cause to doubt it.

*—F. J. Hamilton.*

NOOSE-PAPER—A death warrant.

## AT A CLUB NOT FAR FROM MADISON SQUARE.

"I SAY, Harry, lend me a twenty."

"Certainly, old man. You lent me twenty thousand last winter when I was short, and I shall not forget it."

"My lending days are over. Now I borrow."

"Why, how is that?"

"I discovered the secret of Wall street last April, and — well, my house belongs to my wife."

## A REMARKABLE YOUTH.

"HAVE you any offspring?" inquired the severe, long-haired passenger, through his nose, of a stranger by his side.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the polite reply, "a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he use tobacco?"

"Never touches it in any form."

"I'm glad to hear that. Tobacco is monstrously sinful. Does he indulge in spirituous liquors?"

"Never tasted a drop in his life."

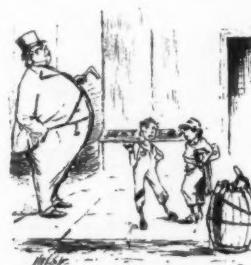
"Excellent. Stay out nights?"

"No, sir. Never thinks of going out after supper."

"I'm very much pleased to know this, sir. Your son is a remarkable young man."

"Oh, he's not a young man. He's a two months' old baby."

IF a cooper can go through the Niagara whirlpool in a barrel, and a barber's apprentice in a cork suit, why should not city politicians be obliged to test their fitness for weathering the troubled waters of public life in the same way? It is joyous to think how few would survive it. But Gladstone's ill success with his Cork suit is likely to discourage the idea.



SAY, MICKY, LET'S WAIT AN' SEE  
THE BERLOON GO UP!

**A FORTY-DAY CRUISE IN THE  
"ARK."**

BY NOAH.

**CHAPTER III.**

**THE FOURTH OF JULY AT SEA.**

ESTERDAY was the "Glorious Fourth," and Mrs. Noah and I determined that it should be celebrated in a befitting manner. On deck the storm was still raging with unabated fury, but below we made everything look as holiday-like as possible. Down the whole length of the saloon was stretched a line of flags, with our private signal at the head. We arranged a platform at one end and held some patriotic exercises in the forenoon. Unfortunately we had no national ensign with which to drape the speaker's desk; but by dint of much persuasion and no little force, I finally got a red-head duck, a white-faced rabbit and blue-nosed baboon to sit in a row on the rostrum, and they did fairly well as a substitute for the colors.



RUINING THE SELF-CONTROL OF THE RED-HEADED DUCK.

**OUR HOT WEATHER BOOM.**

THE circulation of LIFE last week was twenty-seven copies—nineteen of which were given away, two were sold in New York, three in the New England States, one went abroad and one was borrowed by the city of Chicago, and not yet returned.

THE number of idiots in the United States increased from 34,127 in 1870 to 76,895 in 1880.—*Ex.*  
We thought we noticed an increase in our daily poem income.

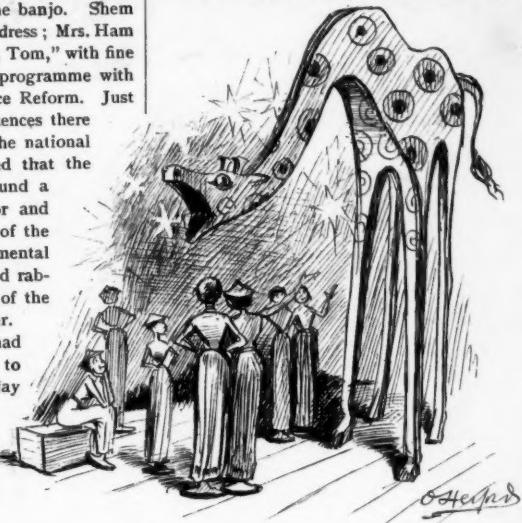
IT is said that Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth went fishing last week and fell overboard.  
They doubtless got to drinking the bait.

First, I read the Declaration of Independence, and then Japheth rendered "Wait till the Clouds Roll By," and "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," on the banjo. Then next delivered a humorous address; Mrs. Ham sang, "Stick to your Mother, Tom," with fine effect, and I wound up the programme with some remarks on Civil Service Reform. Just as I reached my closing sentences there was a terrible row among the national colors. Investigation proved that the blue-nosed baboon had found a threaded needle on the floor and was ruining the self-control of the red-head duck and the mental equanimity of the white-faced rabbit by trying to sew the tail of the former to the ear of the latter.

When the disturbance had been quieted, I started out to give the animals their mid-day meal. Before going far I found that one of the giraffes had poked up the forward hatch so that he could stick his head up into the store-room, and had eaten everything within his reach without any discrimination. The first thing he had struck was a box containing two dozen Roman candles (the only explosives on board), and he had greedily devoured all but three of them. He gazed at me with a guilty, uneasy expression in his great brown eyes that was almost pathetic. But his look turned to one of extreme alarm as I proceeded to administer a well-merited beating with a barrel hoop.

I had hardly finished my punishment, however, when the giraffe suddenly gave a profound hiccup, gently blew a beautiful red star out of his mouth and smacked his lips nervously, as if he had burned his tongue. He then lowered his head and, placing his ear against his chest,

listened attentively. From his anxious air I knew that he thought he had swallowed a twenty-tune music-box or a



WE WATCHED HIM COUGH UP FIREWORKS FOR FULL AN HOUR AND A QUARTER.

small cyclone—tears actually stood in his eyes. Another convulsion, a long-drawn sigh and a green star floated forth. I had hit him once too hard—those Roman candles were going off. As it was quite dark in the store-room, the display was very effective as, one after another, colored stars soared from between his teeth, floated along between decks and melted in a far-off corner. I called in all the family, and we watched him cough up fireworks for full an hour and a quarter. Beyond a singed moustache the giraffe bore no outward signs of damage, and I noticed that afternoon that he drank a most inordinate amount of water. His taste for Roman candles is probably cured.

In the evening one of the monkeys kicked a bison in the nose, and angered him so much that he butted the whole hump off of the sacred Indian cow. I begin to wish that I'd stayed outside and been drowned!

**QUIPS FROM THE AUTHORS.**

"THE THREE FEATHERS"—Contents of a boarding-house pillow.

"Nora's Love Test"—Letting him see her when she wasn't powdered up.

"The Lonely Heir"—The one on the dude's lip.

"Picked Up Adrift"—The snow in the snow shovel.

"Beyond the Breakers"—Ornaments out of the children's reach.

"What He Cost Her"—Not half as much as she cost him.

"Cometh Up as a Flower"—The weed.

"Lady Audley's Secret"—Her age.

LIE



...in the middle of the  
country of  
the world.

SOME MAR V

LIE.



MARINE VIEWS.



THE *Galatea*, having arrived safely a week ago, the prophets of the daily press have broken forth anew. The funniest criticism I have read was that of an afternoon paper to the effect that the steel cutter is a good trailer, because she took over thirty days to cross the ocean. That period used to be considered a good passage for the old sailing packets, and only last summer, when the *Genesta* came over in twenty-four days, every one was saying that she was a flyer and that the *Puritan* would have to hurry up to beat her. The fact is, that the *Galatea* came over rigged to go slowly, and she did it beautifully. When she gets up her "white wings," that "never grow weary," she will show a different sort of speed. Her record shows that she is quite as good a boat as the *Genesta*.

\* \* \*

"THE *Mayflower* that blooms in the Hub, tra la, has nothing to do with the race," sang an enthusiastic *Puritan* the other day. Verily, I was exceeding glad to hear it. But, as the Spaniards sometimes remark, "Quien sabe?"

\* \* \*

*LIPPINCOTT'S Magazine* has some remarks on baseball, by Johnny Ward, and some on athletics, by L. E. Myers. People who are fond of making jokes about the college men who study baseball at our universities should read the article of the New York short-stop. They will find that as a writer he makes a better record than L. E. Myers. The Editor of *Lippincott's* ought now to have an article entitled, "How I came to break Myers's record," by Wendel Baker; and "How I beat the Stiletto out of a cup," by Jay Gould.

\* \* \*

IT is now announced that Hanlan and Courtney will row a race. This is the most alarming statement that has appeared in print for months. If these two champions ever should meet in a race there will be a convulsion of nature worse than what might be expected if the King of the Dudes should knock out Dempsey. If Courtney starts he will probably die of heart disease, brought on by the unusual excitement.

Tricotrin.

#### ECHOES FROM BAR HARBOR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—This place strikes one as being sort of a cross between Corsica and Narragansett Pier. It seems to consist almost entirely of girls, hotels, and buckboards; and, by the way, how like human life a buckboard is!—long, narrow and full of jounces! To a certain extent the same might be said of the girls and the hotels, and perhaps it would be safest to keep this to ourselves.

The air, however, is very fine, and it is fortunate that it is,

for it is all that one has to live on at the hotels. Twenty-five dollars a week for wind seems rather high, but then we must have it, and as it always blows half a gale here I suppose it can't help being high.

The first thing to do on arriving is, of course, to look up one's friends, but when that is accomplished one rather comes to a standstill, for the water is too cold to bathe in; you can't play tennis, for the small boys who practice all day long will beat you too badly; and you can't go sailing, because the girls won't let you go without them, and if you take them along they will be sea-sick, and I thank Heaven for it, for if it was n't the girls it would be me, and the scorn with which a sea-sick man is regarded is simply unbearable. You can rob a bank or elope with a whole Sunday School and live down the ensuing disgrace, but the contempt felt for a sea-sick man endureth for ever and ever, and so I always prefer to do my yachting in a quiet and well-behaved horse-car.

The girls are all here, however, every blessed one of them, and there must be a girl famine in the rest of the land. As for the men—well, the men were all killed in the war, and I'm glad of it. But—ah me!—all my old flames have turned up here, as well as all the girls who ever refused me; I never realized before what a lot of them there were, and to stroll out of an afternoon and meet them one after another is really too charming for anything! The queer part of it is, however, that those of them who have got married don't remember me at all, while those who have failed to find any one worthy of them are awfully glad to see me. It's very odd, and I do n't quite understand it.

I have decided to go in for brunettes this season; the blondes have always been too many for me; and when I look back over the past fift—I mean the past few years—and realize how they have nearly been the death of me, I feel as though my remains ought to turn over a new leaf, and so, as I said before, I am going to lay for brunettes.

Speaking of brunettes reminds me that I have just been introduced to Her, and she is simply divine; so sweet and soothing, and her figure—goodness! I have to lay down my type-writer and gasp when I think of it! And, moreover, she seems to understand and appreciate me, a thing that nobody ever did before, and she says I am so thoughtful and sympathetic!

\* \* \* \* \*

Since writing the above I have discovered that she has got a young man—got him nearly landed, and has been using me as a counter-irritant to hurry matters up and bring him to a head! Just my luck! This is the way it has always been! I never loved a dear gazelle but what some other fellow had a first mortgage on the property and I got left! And oh I do so hate to be used as a moral porous plaster! O dear, O dear! It's too bad, too bad! I feel too ill to write any more now, so will keep the rest for another letter.

R. K.

THE NEW "THIRTEEN PUZZLE"—Baby-king Alphonso of Spain.

SOME BASEBALL CELEBRITIES.

KNOWING THE INTEREST OUR READERS TAKE IN THE NATIONAL GAME, WE HAVE PROCURED, AT SOME EXPENSE AND MUCH TROUBLE, THE FOLLOWING RELIABLE PORTRAITS OF SOME OF OUR FIRST CITIZENS. THE TWO PRINCIPAL CLUBS OF THE COUNTRY ARE HERE REPRESENTED.

THE —— CLUB.



TIM NOCKEMOVER,  
Captain and Pitcher.



"WAD" DEPOOTY,  
First Base.



"POD" FLESHMANN,  
Left Field.



CHARLIE JORRBREAKER,  
Centre Field.



"LARRY" O'SHANTY,  
Third Base.



BILLY POTTS,  
Right Field.



"WOODY" GLADBICK,  
Catcher.



"CLIPPER" BOGGS,  
Short Stop.



ZORASTER FLYMAN,  
Second Base.

THE OTHER CLUB.



P. D. Q. BLUBERTON,  
Umpire.



"AL" SMITH,  
Captain and Pitcher.



PETE MCKERONY,  
Short Stop.



"NIX" FURSTAY,  
Left Field.



EDDY SNAIKEMOUT,  
Third Base.



D. P. C. DORKING,  
Right Field.



"S." SHAMYTOP,  
Centre Field.



MATT PLUGGER,  
Second Base.



SPOTTY COONIGAN,  
First Base.



JAKE O'SHAUNESSY,  
Pitcher.



be shot from a cannon, uninjured, it remains to be seen if this act can be turned to some better advantage than simply causing the momentary amusement of an idle circus crowd;

#### SCRAPS.

**W**INONA, Minn., has a popular politician named Lonely.

He is probably honest. Honest politicians generally are more or less that way.

\* \* \*

**M**ISS BRADDON is writing a tale entitled, *Engaged In Haste*.

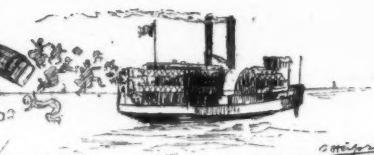
It is probably a satire on the Messenger Boys.

\* \* \*

**S**IR THOMAS BASS has been made a Peer.

From the Peerage to the Beerage is but a step.

\* \* \*



#### THE STEAMBOAT BATTERY.

"Time, Tide, Steamboats and Soda Water wait for no Man."

—Old Saw Refiled.

**T**HE performer in Barnum's circus has proved that a man may be repeatedly shot from a cannon, without injury to himself or his relatives. Now to make oneself a human shot would seem to infer that, though you might start from the cannon intact, your body, on issuing at the mouth, would lose its cohesiveness, as it were.

But the Barnum man refutes such seemingly correct conclusions, by keeping himself together, and enjoying robust health—in fact this human grape-shot lives, and is happy.

It having thus been proved that a man may

and with this problem the Albany Day Boats are now busied.

At each departure of these boats, as they draw out into the stream, belated travelers wildly rush down the pier, only to find that they are an instant—but an instant! too late. There is the boat, possibly not more than fifty feet away, and yet they cannot get aboard! 'T is a loss to the would-be tourist, in time; and a material loss to the boat, in fare. The steamer cannot return to the dock as she is already under headway; and, beside, must keep to her schedule departure hour.

Now the proper thing, according to the Albany Day Line managers, would be a steamboat battery at the end of their pier, consisting of such guns as are used by Barnum's acrobat; or better, to have field pieces, of various calibre, for the different styles of steamer patrons.

Acting on this idea, they will soon have in place an experimental battery, consisting of the following:

- 1 Mortar (109 calibre), for stout gentlemen (over 250 pounds).
- 1 Gatling revolving gun (1,809 calibre), with seven chambers, for consecutive firing. This will be the family gun, projecting the old man and his complete brood almost simultaneously.
- 1 Heavy bore howitzer, for bachelors.
- 1 Quaker gun, for old maids—and, finally,
- 1 Mortar for baggage—everything from the trunk to the bag of peanuts.

The belated traveler crawls into a pier gun that is warranted to carry him at least two hundred feet, the stevedore touches the fuse, and then he is safely shot aboard his steamer. With such a battery in active operation, the man who is left will get there just the same. *Wallace Peck.*



HOT WEATHER DELICACIES.

N. B.—THIS IS NOT THE EDITOR OF LIFE.



**I**T was a Maine girl of whom the story is told that she refused to marry a most devoted lover until he should have amassed a fortune of ten thousand dollars. After some expostulation he accepted the decree and went to work. About three months after this the avaricious young lady, meeting her lover, asked :

" Well, Charley, how are you getting along?"

" Oh, very well indeed," Charley returned, cheerfully. " I've got eighteen dollars saved."

The young lady blushed and looked down at the toes of her walking boots, and stabbed the inoffensive earth with the point of her parasol. " I guess," said she, faintly—" I guess, Charley, that's about near enough."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

**CITY COUSIN:** See here, Mr. Joseph, I don't want to walk home with you with those horrible pants on.

**Joseph:** Gosh! the folks would raise old Ned if I took them off.—*Judge*.

IT has been noticed that star actors habitually content themselves with a weak support. Probably that explains why Henry Irving does n't get himself a new pair of legs.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

**LANDLADY** (to new servant): I hope, in cleaning the rooms, you always take care to sweep under the bed.

**Martha:** Yaas indeed, ma'am, I allus do, 'cause, yo' see it's much easier den c'lectin' de dirt wid a dust-pan.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

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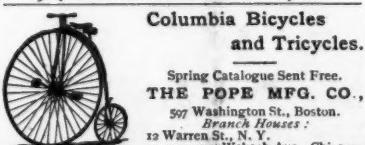


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**DOCTOR:** How?

**STUDENT:** Well, we put him on milk diet, then we put him on wine, then we put him on the electrical treatment, then we put him on quinine and now—

**DOCTOR:** You will put him on ice.—*Hotel Mail*.

**TEACHER:** Hans, name three beasts of prey.

**HANS:** Two lions and a tiger.—*German*.

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**INFANT OFFENDER:** I've had trouble, yer Honor, wid dese here

cops ever sence I was a mere cheild.—*Texas Siflings*.

THE condition of trade in some circles is well illustrated by the answer of an Italian fruit peddler on State street, who, when asked "How is business?" replied: "Alla money I maka on peanuth I lose on dam banana!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

A CHINAMAN was a witness in a case before the district court yesterday afternoon, and when it was asked him if he desired a chicken killed upon which to make oath, indignantly exclaimed: "Hella, no, cuss alleee samee Melican man."—*Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal*.

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A PROFANE UPSTART.—The man who sat on a pin.—*Texas Siftings*.

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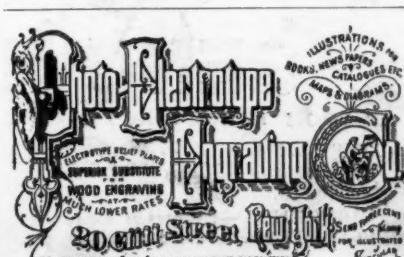
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